The praiſe of the merry Month of MAY;

In which our Royall Prince *Charles* was born, which grac't that Month, and made glad the hearts of all true and free born Subjects of *England*.

Come Paſſengers and hear what I ſhall ſay,
In the praiſe of the merry Month of *May*
For in that month our Soveraign *Charles* was born,
Which many years exiled hath liv'd forlorn
Each Creature in this month rejoyce and ſing
With heart, and cry God preſerve the KING.

The Tune is, *Prince Charles Birth day, or the Subjects hearts to cheer.*

NOw welcome in thou ſweeteſt month of May,
Freſh beauties doth with thee partake,
Love makes with thee a ſolemn Holiday,
All hearts rejoyce for Charles's ſake;
Hearts eaſe will grow
To miſery and woe.
On the twenty nine it doth apear,
King Charles was born I underſtand
And his Subjects do now report
That in this month he'l come to Court,
his Subjects hearts to chear.

Thou art ſweet May the Month of Majeſty,
Right dear art thou, and ſo is he,
Even like to a tractive Sympathy,
So pleaſing all thy beauties be,
All flowers fair
With colours rare.
Now doth our glorious Star appear,
Which long hath been out of the Land,
Every Meddow flowes with Balm,
Harmonious Birds ſing ſuch a Pſalme,
and Charles our hearts will chear.

This Month did firſt bring forth the Nimph of ours
In him ſhall laſt our Lands fair Spring,
He Crown'd ſhall be with Garlands of flowers,
The which are ever flouriſhing.
Angells attend
Him to defend
All Nations now both far and near,
Shall blaze on thy antiquity,
Great joy ſhall then be on the Seas,
And Engliſh men ſhall live at eaſe,
for Charles our hearts will chear.

Sweet Roſe eye of the Garden, Queen of flowers,
And beauties fairеſt Charaer, [Hours,
The ſweeteſt muſk-Child of the Spring's young
Beſt jetwell that the earth doth wear,
In Gardens green
Shall now be ſeen,
England's great King like form doth bear
Even now the illuſtrious ſun draws near
It ſhows that beauties Roſe indeed
Now in this age ſhall them exceed.
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EArly shall rise the chearful mounting Lark,
That doth in merry notes delight,
Then gently stint a while, my pen and hark,
And learn of her for to invite,
And then compleat
Will be his seat,
When he doth mount into his Sphere,
Exceeding great in worth and fame,
Will be his name so much renown'd,
When he o'er this Land is Crown'd.
his subjects hearts to chear.

Loves Quirister that sits amidst the thorn,
(The Nightingale so sweet a singer)
Records his fame from Even until Morn,
More then Apollo's voice or finger,
Doth sweetly sing
Of Charles our King,
For he our cloudy day will clear.
Heaven never had a Star more bright,
Like to the purest Drm of gold,
Not to corrupt till heaven was clear,
our heavy hearts to c[illegible]r.

He is a pious Prince and fit to raign,
My love he'l rule more then by law
And all our rights he will for ever maintain
Wherehy our hearts to him we vow,
We shall have peace
And wars shall cease,
And banished shall be all fear,
Reward doth sit in his right hand,
In his left hand wherein should be,
Nought but the sword, sits Clemency,
his subjects hearts to chear.

If we can learn how many drops it rains,
Or count their numbers numberless,
Or sum up the many flowers and Augusts grains;
Then we his vertues may expresse,
He's so devine
That he doth shine
Like unto Phoebus in his Sphere,
In all the Regions under heaven,
There's not a Prince more fit to raign,
That will our rights so well maintain.
our heavy hearts to chear.

Princes of Europe, Earths sweet Paradise,
Enter into this Pilgrimage,
Let all thy Kings that would learn to be wise
Sail hither and observe his age,
His loyalty
None can deny
His actions wise his title is clear,
Europe affords not a wiser Prince
All these Nations to consent,
With the King and Parliament
Our heavy hearts to chear.

Sweet MAY, as first in thee this flower did spring,
And was unto perfection brought,
So once more send us in our lawful King,
Which we honour in deed and thought,
We will him Crown
With much renown.
For why he is our Soveraign dear,
That he once more in peace may Raign,
The Bells shall Ring, and we will sing
For joy, and cry GOD save the KING,
and this our hearts will chear.